Vol. II. Numb. 65.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday November 4th. to Wednesday November 9th. 1709.

Q. GEntlemen, *Reading your Deſcription of the Guilt and Inconveniencies of Drunkenneſs, one in Company ſaid, that Gluttony or eating to Exceſs was a greater Sin, and for this Reaſon, becauſe a Man may be overcome with Drink before he is aware on't, and can't be ſo with Meat, which I thought was no Reaſon at all. Therefore, Gentlemen, when you have Room your Opinion is deſir'd, whether of the two is the greateſt Sin, and You will Oblige an Admirer of your Ingenious Anſwers,* &c.

A. We treated of Drunkenneſs as an Habit, which conſequently bears no Exact Analogy to thoſe, who are ſometimes Unhappily Overtaken, before they are Aware. But a Juſt Compariſon ſhou'd be Inſtituted between Drunkards and Gluttons. And none deſerve the proper Appellation of Drunkards and Gluttons but ſuch, as freely allow themſelves in an Unlimited Indulgence, to Drinking and Eating. Whence the Difference between the *Latin* words *Ebrius* and *Ebrioſus*. But that in the Compariſon, as Inſtituted above, Drunkenneſs is Worſe than Gluttony is plainly Evident from the Particulars recounted in the Paper, you refer to. But it may be proper to obſerve, that They, who are frequently overtaken in Drink, cannot plead a Surpriſe in their Excuſe, ſince from ſo repeated a Surpriſe, they might have learn'd Vigilance and Caution, and therefore ought to have been more upon their Guard, and not to have left themſelves Naked and Defenceleſs to the Treacherouſly invading Foe.

Q. Gentlemen, *Be pleas'd to give us the Character of* Ariſtippus.

A. Ariſtippus was a Native of *Cyrene*, but was induc'd to come to *Athens* by the great Reputation of *Socrates*, whoſe Scholar he Commenc'd. As he was the Firſt, that taught Philoſophy for Money, ſo he ſeem'd willing in that Particular to do, as he wou'd be done by. For he once remitted Twenty Pounds to his Maſter *Socrates*, who being not a little angry at the Preſent ſent it him back with this Antwer, *Socrates's God will not ſuffer him to Accept it.*

Diogenes Laertius gives him this Character, ἦν ἀνὴρ ἁρμόττεσθαι καὶ τόπῳ καὶ χρόνῳ καὶ πρόσωπῳ. *He cou'd Suit and Accommodate himſelf to Time, Place, and Perſon.* Agreable to the Character, which *Horace* had given him before;

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color et Status et Res.

Upon this account it was, that *Ariſtippus* was more Acceptable to *Dionyſius*, the Sicilian Tyrant, than any of his Cotemporary Philoſophers, and met with better Treatment than *Plato*, who was a Courtly Man indeed (for which he was reproach'd by *Diogenes*, that ill-natur'd Cynick) but knew not how to Diſſemble the Truth like *Ariſtippus*.

Ariſtippus was much addicted to Pleaſure, for which he was inveigh'd againſt by all his Cotemporaries in either Words or Writings, Eſpecially by *Plato*, *Zenophon*, *Theodorus*, *Timon*, and the formention'd *Diogenes*, who call'd him Βασιλικὸν Κύνα, on the account, we may ſuppoſe, of his Fawning upon Princes and Great Men. But he was a Witty Man and quick at Repartee, and therefore very Dextrous in turning off any reproaches, that were caſt upon him. When he was once reprov'd for the Delicacies at his Table (for he was much enclin'd to Luxury) he ask'd his Reprover, whether he wou'd have Purchas'd thoſe Delicacies at the Price of three Half-pence. And being anſwer'd in the Negative he rejoyn'd, it is plain then, that you are more given to Avarice than I to Pleaſure. But it muſt be own'd, that it depends upon the Character of the Perſon, that reprov'd him, whether his reply will bear the Teſt of Solid as well as of Apparent Reaſon. For ſome may refuſe to purchaſe ſuch Delicacies at the Eaſieſt Rate, not out of Covetouſneſs, but from a Love of Temperance.

When *Dionyſius* bad him take his choice of three Beautiful Harlots, which he had order'd to be brought before him, he choſe all the three with this Saying, namely, that the Preference of one to the reſt prov'd of Dangerous Conſequence to *Paris*. But when he had brought them to the Threſhold of his Door, he immediately Diſmiſs'd them. Upon which the Hiſtorian has this remark, *ſo Eaſy was he both in Chuſing and Refuſing*. Not but that we think

this remark Liable to Exception. But we leave it to the Reader to paſs his own Judgment upon it.

Q. *Who has the largeſt Income, the Great* Mogul, *or the Great* Turk ?

A. The Revenues of the Great *Mogul* (which we cannot wonder at, when we conſider the Nature of his Country) are reputed to Exceed thoſe of the Great *Turk* and the Perſian Monarch added together.

Q. Gentlemen, *Pray favor me with the reaſon, why there ſhou'd be ſuch a ſtrong Sympathy in Claret, that when the Grapes of this Vintage are pulled, the Wine of laſt Year's Vintage* (*that is* French *Claret*) *always turns Mothery, which is an Obſervation made by moſt, and is experimentally found true.*

A. We muſt own we are not fully ſatisfied of the truth of that Obſervation, but are rather inclined to think that there is ſtill a great deal of good Claret not Mothery to be found in the time of the cutting of the Grapes, and that if ſome proves ſo damaged in that Seaſon, it is rather occaſioned by ſomething elſe, as having been at firſt but poor Wine, or elſe kept in a bad place, or ill ſtop'd. Tho' we do not think it improbable that at that time, but rather in that of the Grape's Bloſſom, ſome ſubtle Effluvia's or Emanations from them being carried a great way and mixing with the ſaid Wines, may cauſe a Diſturbance and raiſe a new Fermentation in it, which proves deſtructive of ſome that are the leſs able to bear it.

Q. Apollo, *I was laſt Week Let Blood by a Surgeon, who told me there was not much* Serum *in it, I deſire to know what part of the Blood it is. Your Anſwer will oblige Your Admirer,* F. L.

A. The *Serum* of the Blood is it's thin watery part with ſome Salts diſſolved in it. It is ſo called from the reſemblance it bears to Whey, which the *Latin* word *Serum* does properly ſignify.

Q. *What People are Oppoſite, or what they call Antipodes to the Inhabitants of* England ?

A. No People are ſo. For if a Strait Line be drawn from any part of *England* thro' the Center of the Earth to the Oppoſite Surface, that Surface is not Earth but Water, and conſequently Unhabited, and therefore the Place, which is thus oppoſite to *England* is that part of the Pacifick Ocean, which lies between the 200 and 210 Degrees of Longitude, and between 50 and 56 Degrees of Southern Latitude. For we have formerly ſhewn, that They who are Antipodes to any Inhabitants of the Terreſtrial Globe, muſt (unleſs under the Equinoctial Line) live in a Different Side of the Equator, from which they are Equidiſtant. But we muſt remark, that we here take *England* in it's Stricter Senſe, as Diſtinct from *Wales*.

Q. Moſt Ingenious Gentlemen, *A Young Lady that is in Love with your Paper, becauſe of the Ingenuity that doth Shine out therein,* avec ſi grand Eſclat, *is, by the ſame Reaſon much deeper in Love with it's Authors ; and therefore She Deſires to know whether there is not among the Sons of* Apollo *any Batchellor, of whom ſhe might Hope of ſome Relief to her diſcontented Mind. For She is ſure, that ſhould She have the Happineſs of being acquainted with any of You, She would be immediately* paſſionnement Amoureuſe *with him ; Hoping on the other hand, That her Great Fortune, her Noble Birth, her Vertues and her other Qualifications, would in ſome meaſure inſpire in him* la même paſſion pour Elle. *Your ſpeedy Anſwer will therefore be very acceptable to her.*

A. The Lady who obliges us *avec cette grand Faveur*, may pleaſe to conſider, that if we decline not her Requeſt, we ſhall diſappoint her Expectations ; and the rather ſince perhaps we might find in her *toutes les petites Graces qu'on attribue aux Anges ;* becauſe, ſince our Paper introduc'd her Affections, ſhou'd a Gentleman of our Society ſee her, all his Faculties might be engag'd, as to diſable him from performing his Exercites therein, ſo the Cauſe of her Paſſion failing the Effect muſt ceaſe. To avoid therefore the Unhappy Conſequences of this *Paſſion Dangereuſe*, we will deny our ſelves this Honor, and to ſhew we prefer the Lady's Satisfaction to any Proſpect of our own Felicity, ſince that may better be effected by the Continuation of her good Opinion of us, than by occurring what will Eradicate it.

Q. *I am an Admirer of Muſick, and have ſo good an Ear as to be able to Sing almoſt any tune at the firſt hearing, nevertheleſs I am not able to tune a Violin: Pray tell me what may be the Reaſon of my Failure in this matter, and if poſſible give me ſome New Eaſy Method for the doing of it, which will highly oblige Your Humble Servant.*

A. It is no wonder that you cannot ſo eaſily tune an Inſtrument, as ſing a Tune, becauſe the former requires a nicer Ear, ſince you take Chords at ſeveral Notes diſtance, whereas in the Chime of a Tune one Note introduces another. Frequent Application we think will beſt improve you herein.

Q. *Can you ſay, Apollo, it is not barbarous to uſe one as I have been us'd. For a Man to ſend 93 Letters by the* Penny-Poſt *and 2 by the* Half-Penny Carriage, *in all the European Languages, and one in Arabick, that I might be ſure to hit that is moſt familiar to* Apollo. *The firſt on good Eight penny Paper, the next on Imperial, after on Gilt, then Gilt and Scented, and yet meet no anſwer ! To ſuperſcribe them* To Apollo, *then* Mr. Apollo, *then* To the Majeſty of Apollo, *and at laſt* To his Godſhip, *and yet no Anſwer. After this, to ſend my Servant 73 times, to the Expence of Seventy Shillings and five Pence three Farthings in Shoe-leather, beſides a pair of Heel-pieces not yet paid for, and yet no Anſwer. And after all this to trot my ſelf to your Shrine nineteen times, to the procuring five Surfeits, beſides a violent Cough I ſtill Labor under, and all this only to know the Original of that Proverb, of* Buying a Pig in a Poke. *All this is ſuch barbarous Uſage that nothing but a ſpeedy Solution can attone.*

A. It was very unlucky, you ſent ſo many Letters and we not receive one of them. Certainly they were writ under ſome Malevolent Aſpect, next time conſult *Erra Pater* for an Auſpicious Hour before you write. Perhaps they came when we were inſpiring a Poet, and then we receive nothing but what is in Rhime : Or when we were making Court to *Daphnis*, Love Matters only then meet Reception, or when we were taking Snuff, at thoſe times Amuſements alone paſs muſter, *&c.* However, ſince your Lines at laſt have found us, they ſhall alſo find a Solution, *viz.* A Man Cheap'ning a Pig, order'd the Fellow to put it in a Poke to ſhew it his Dame ; having carry'd it home, He put a Puppy in it's place and brought it back, and pretending his Dame did not like it, another, who ſaw the Man cheapen it, not doubting it to be the ſame Pig, immediately bought it in the Poke, and ſo made up a pair of fooliſh Puppies.

N. B. *Whereas we have often receiv'd Letters, ſome containing three Pages in Large Folio Cloſe writ, particularly three Lately, one ſign'd,* M. R. *another* D. G. C. *another,* W. S. *We think fit to give Notice, that we never read ſuch Letters, not only becauſe we have not leiſure, but alſo, in that we obſerv'd ſuch, when we read them formerly, to contain only Dull, Tedious, Inſipid Matter.*

POEMS.

Q. YE *celebrated Delphick Club, who*
Ænigma's dark and doubtful rub thro';
Whose well-fraught Noddles cramm'd of Wit full
Enough to Boxes charm and Pit full;
Are ev'ry Week rever'd by all Men,
Whether they be or Great or Small Men,
By Fat and Lean, by Short and Tall Men.
You, who your Charity extensive,
Display to Lover who's full pensive,
'Cause cruel Damsel, fye upon her!
Resolves t' insist on To call'd Honor;
And will not yield up Charms, and so forth,
Till Spark shall all her Scruples throw forth,
By entring into Bands of Hymen,
Which doubtless is the way to try Men.
Nor do you Fair-One leave the lurch in,
Whom winged Boy, sad little Urchin!
With Dart has struck (as Witty Bards *say)*
That now She can no more at Cards play;
No more at Basset *sweeps up Guineas*
Of Beaux, and other Am'rous Ninnies;
Nor at the Theatre attracts——
Sly Leers of Fops between the Acts:
To Tea and Scandals bids Adieu too,
And musing sits e'en just as you do.
When restless Queriſt duns for Answer,
To Problem tough he did advance, Sir.
My Muse now after tedious Ramble
(To put an end to Circumambul——
Ation into this Line I'll croud, Sir,
And there I hope 'twill be allow'd, Sir)
My Muse, I say, does Query tug forth,
Desiring you the time would lug forth,
When Nymphs and Swains first set up Gay Poles;
By Mortals now a days call'd May-Poles,
And round 'em danc'd like Folks bewitch'd,
Or Sluttish Wench by Fairies *twitch'd.*
And tell me too without Evasion,
What 'twas at first which gave occasion
In days of Yore to this Invention,
All which be pleas'd at large to mention.

A. Must we, who chant forth Ditties sweet as
E'er flow'd from Young Love-sick *Dametas*,
Who often have auric'lar Portals,
On North and South-side 't Head of Mortals,
Charm'd more, than *Orpheus* did amidst, d' ye see
Brute Beasts, the Luggs of Fair *Euridice*:
Must we submit to nick your Jumble,
In Lines which like a Grain-Cart Rumble?
In murd'ring words, which is with Reason,
'Gainst Orthography counted Treason;
Whilst half a word, O strange Contexture!
Hangs in one Line and half in next, Sir,
As if provok'd by t' other's Laughter;
It was asham'd to follow after.
Must we do this, because, *Imprimis*,
We said we'd Answer all to *Finis*.
Then be it so, since no evading,
And thus begins our Wit's unlading.
Our Ancient Heathen Authors smat——
Ter (which is only *Tit for Tat*)
That *Flora* was no Blowze or Mungril,
But a tight, slender, handsome Young Girl,
Who took delight in Fields and Bow'rs,
In Groves and Dales to gather Flow'rs,
Of which Gay Nosegays She made many.
And Cry'd about for two a Penny:
And for her Art therein, which odd is,
Was Celebrated for a Goddess;
That to the bright Immortal Glory
Of this young Goddess, *Jenny Flora*,
They set tall *May Poles* up and after,
Deck'd them with Flow'rs, Top-knot and Garter,
The manner how thence setting forth, Sir,
She Firkt a Living upon Earth, Sir,
The Christians after lik'd the Fancy,
And Ap'd it, which is all we can say,
Except, that then they danc'd to Tabor,
And now to Kit and Bag-pipe Labor.

To the Sons of APOLLO.

HAIL Learned *Bards*, whose unexhausted Store,
Out-shines all Labors of this Kind Before.
Th' *Athenians* some Ænigma's solv'd, 'tis true,
But short by Infinite Degrees of you.
Religion of some Errors whilst they purg'd,
Sometimes far greater of their own they urg'd.
Exploded Notions in Philosophy,
B' Implicite Faith their Sheets did oft supply.
And when the Mind was with Fatigue oppress'd,
By Doubts were canvas'd with a strong Contest,
It unreliev'd sunk Heavily to Rest.
Whilst You all Nature trace and ev'ry day,
Some Novelty surprisingly display.
With Modern Skill the Darkest Doubt unfold,
Unknown to all the Learned World of old.
In Sacred Truths Chear the Desponding Mind
In Terms, where all Clear Demonstration find.
Traverse all Ancient Hist'ry to explore,
Those splendid Actions which have pass'd before,
To Fire the Brave, their Deeds to Emulate,
And Crown their Exit with a Glorious Fate.
All Arts and Sciences you well explain,
Nor are Proverbial Sentences in vain.
Of Sapience Comprehensive, which entice
To Vertue some, and some discourage Vice.
When in Profound *Arcana* we are plung'd,
The Grief attends the Toil is streight expung'd.

By

By Hum'rous Strains, and Flights of Pungent Wit,
Where an Unrival'd Emperor you ſit.
So Quaint and ſo adapted to the Age,
Such Scenes of Mirth, yet never Crown'd the Stage.
Th' Unmanner'd Critick to the Bone you Laſh,
His Malice ſilence, and expoſe his Traſh.
In vain ſhall Flaſhy Wits hope to prevail,
By Frothy Matter and Inſipid *Tale*.
Admir'd by empty Fops, who nothing know
Of Senſe, beyond a Jeſt, a Turn, or ſo,
And which each day more Dull and Barren grow.
Thy Senſe is Sterling Proof, thy Wit Polite,
And always *mixing Profit with Delight*.
Thoſe Miſts ſhall vaniſh and away be done,
Like Veils of Night before the Riſing-Sun.
Procede bright *Bards*, you num'rous Friends ſhall
Eternal Trophies to your Deathleſs Praiſe; (Raiſe,
Your Names ſhall live the Objects of our Love,
When your Bright Souls have ſoar'd to Endleſs Bliſs
(Above.

St. James's Nov. 2d.

R. T. *Seymour.*

Any may have the Quarterly Books *with the Muſick in them, or moſt of the other Single Papers to make up Sets, or* Indexes *to the Firſt Volume, to find what Queſtions have been anſwer'd (by directing to the Printers) brought home to their Houſes.*

SIR,

OUR Advices from Madrid, Octob. 22. are, That by reaſon Money grows very ſcarce, it was propos'd in Council, that the unneceſſary Plate, which belongs to the Churches in this Kingdom ſhould be applied to the preſſing occaſions of the Government, after great debates it was refer'd to a further Conſideration, by reaſon of great murmurings amongſt the People, who ſuſpect the Chief Riches belonging to the Crown have been ſent to France, and are therefore under apprehenſions the Plate will go the ſame way. That the Mareſchal of Bezons is returning to France with all the French Forces except 26 Battalions. That the Count d' Aquilar is recalled from his Command, for perſuading King Philip that the Confederate Forces were ſo weak, that they could not ſtand an Engagement, whereas it was found Impracticable to attack them. Letters from Vienna Octob. 30. Inform us, that the Abbot of Caunitz is arrived from Rome, with the Particular Account of the Recognition of the King of Spain by the Pope. That the Reports relating to the King of Sweden are ſo different, they cannot depend on any of them. The Advices from Copenhagen of Nov. 5. ſay, that they continue to embark the Troops deſign'd for the Expedition into Schonen, which are to conſiſt of 15000 Men, but War is not yet proclaim'd by the King of Denmark, but they know not upon what account it is defer'd. They write from the Hague Nov. 12. that the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene have been in daily Conferences with the Deputies of the States, which being on great Matters to be ſettled, have oblig'd my Lord Duke to put off his Departure to this day or to morrow, if the Wind proves fair. They continue to talk of Peace, and that theſe Conferences relate thereunto, the Truth of which a little time will diſcover.

London, Nov. 8. On Monday Night a Proclamation was publiſh'd to take off the ſtop put to the Execution of the Act for Recruiting the Land Forces. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

All are deſired to direct their Letters (*Superſcribed for the Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carter's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for Indexes to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, for we ſhall not take notice of ſuch Queſtions again as have been anſwer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2 *s.* *per* Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd but where the Poſtage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2 *s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I *John Myers*, living on *Saffron Hill*, near *Hatton-Garden*, *London*, having loſt my Sight by a total Obſtruction of the Optick Nerves, my Eyes appearing as fair as ever, yet I was blind; but hearing of the many Cures perform'd by Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST, I was encouraged to make my Application to him, and he has thro' the Bleſſing of God reſtor'd me to a ſtrong ſtate degree of Sight. Therefore, for the Information of the Publick, and the Reputation of Mr. *Grant*, I give this Teſtimony. Witneſs my Hand, *John Myers*.

ANY Perſon that has an Eſtate of Freehold Land, about 300 *l. per Annum*, near the City of York, if he will publiſh it in the Poſt-Man or in this Paper, where he will be treated with about it, either in London or in the City of York, he may meet with a Purchaſer.

LOST about the Cock-pit near St. James's Park, a ſmall Spaniel Bitch. She has a ſhort Head, long Liver-color'd Ears, ſeveral Spots of the ſame Color about her Body, and motled about her Noſe and Legs. If the Perſon who found it will bring it to Mr. *Naſh*, next the Blue Poſts in St. Martin's-lane ſhall have a Crown reward.

LEFT in a Hackney-Coach, which took a Gentleman up at Soho and ſet him down at the Temple, a Bundle of Writings, containing Leaſes of ſeveral Farms, of no uſe to any but the Owner, if the Coachman or any other Perſon will bring them to Mr. Jackſon in Queen-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, he ſhall have a Guinea Reward.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS of Mr. *William Croſſe*, Profeſſor of Phyſick and OCULIST, at his Houſe againſt *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in Curing Diſtempers incident to the Eyes, is Evident by Teſtimonials frequently inſerted in the Publick Prints, under the Hands of ſuch Perſons as have happily experienc'd the ſame, who were by his Preſcriptions perfectly recover'd, after they had ineffectually apply'd themſelves to others.

IF any Perſon has an Eſtate Freehold, of about 250 Pounds per Annum, near Biſhopſtafford in Eſſex, they are deſired to publiſh in ſome News Paper, where they will be treated with about it.

LIcentia Poetica diſcuſs'd: Or, the True Teſt of Poetry. Without which it is Impoſſible to *Judge of*, or *Compoſe*, A Correct Engliſh Poem: To which are added, *Critical Obſervations* on the Principal, Ancient and Modern Poets, viz. *Homer*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Waller*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, &c. as frequently liable to Juſt Cenſure. With ſome Remarks alſo on my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*'s and Maj. Gen. *Stanhope*'s Letters Commendatory of the Earl of *Peterborow*'s Valor and Conduct in *Spain*, as the occaſional Ground for an Excellent Epic. Poem. *London*; Printed for *William Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Churchyard*, 1709.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.